

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Mother sends her Love to you C.P.O. SIDNEY JACK SMITH

HERE'S a picture of Mother, Sidney. She's a proud little lady—and rightly so! For there can be few mothers who had a son in the last war and another in this.

Your mother told us that your eldest brother, George, was in the Dover Patrol in the last war. This war, he is to the fore on the Home Front. Your other brother and three sisters are doing their bit, too.

As if keeping a home going for the family when they get back from their war jobs isn't enough, your mother has now started to go to lectures on first aid; she has even turned the house into a miniature hospital, and in case of emergency your home would be open to the neighbours.

Your old boss comes round almost every week to ask after you—and the storekeeper sends a message for "All the best."

Everyone at home is well and happy.



And here is mother's wish: "May God give him health and guidance in all he does."

Mary Did have a Little Lamb

MARY had a little lamb—and don't we know it! But what did Mary do out of school hours—and what happened to that doggoned frisker?

Ever wondered if there ever was a "little Mary"? The answer is "Yes!"

There's a sequel to Mary's little pet in strict 1943 tempo. Tourists lean over a fence of a farm just outside Sudbury, Massachusetts, and start counting the sheep they see in the meadow; and, thanks to their interest, the farmer sits in his parlour, counting his dollars.

"Excuse us," visitors ask, "but are these descended from Mary's little lamb?"

"They sure are," says Farmer Kimble. "And they're already trained as pets."

Mary's little lamb's great-great-grand-children several times removed, in fact, have become the aristocrats of lambdom. They're sold at luxury rates that seem never to have heard of market prices for farmers.

They exchange masters and go to cosy pens in comfortable homes. They're fondled and cuddled and well fed. With ribbons about their woolly necks, they browse on some of the world's finest lawns.

All over the world go the

descendants of Mary's original. For there really was a Mary—and there really was a lamb. Little Mary Sawyer little suspected the probability of world fame when she went out to the sheep pen on her father's farm one bleak March morning in 1815 and found two lambs which had been born in the night.

THE WAIF.

One had been forsaken by its mother, and, through neglect, cold and lack of food, was nearly dead. Pityingly, Mary took it into the house, wrapped it in an old coat, nursed it in her arms, and gave it catnip tea. Still fearing it would die, she sat up all night with it.

In the morning, to her childish delight, it could stand. Soon it was completely well, and would follow Mary anywhere if she called it.

Since she had few dolls, she used to dress it up in pantalons, for Mary's little lamb was a true Walt Disney creature. It grew so aloof that it disliked its own species and preferred the company of cows and horses to other sheep.

For all that, Mary's lamb was a ewe, and eventually became the mother of three lambs, a single and twins. But first it followed Mary to

FAMOUS sculptor, who got hundreds of pounds for his busts and who sat with his wife in the dark, of an evening, to save candles, Joseph Nollekens was an amazing mixture of miserliness and generosity.

He could hardly help being a miser, for his father was known as "a miserably avaricious man," and his mother was as bad. She paid little Joey the highest compliment she was aware of when she said, "He is so honest that I can always trust him to stone the raisins without eating any."

But when it was a case of making money, Joey, when he grew up, was not above cheating. He made a business of picking up cheap fragments of antiques, restoring them, staining them with tobacco juice, and selling them to credulous clients for large sums of money.

Most of his stock-in-trade he obtained in Rome, where he lived for some time—existing on next to nothing.

"Nearly opposite my lodgings," he said, "was a pork butcher, who sold for twopence a plateful of cuttings—bits of skin, gristle and fat, and my old cook dished them up with a little pepper and salt. And, with a slice of bread, and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner."

Whenever some particularly excellent dinner was mentioned in his hearing, he would invariably say, "Ah! I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings," and would pay a glowing tribute to the old cook, who, he said, frequently served him a dinner that cost no more than threepence.

He had made some original casts of prominent people while in Rome, and when he returned to England, used them to cheat the Customs.

The busts looked solid, but Nollekens had stuffed dutiable goods—silk stockings, lace and gloves, inside them, and had plastered the backs over so that no hole was visible.

"See that bust of Sterne (the great writer)," he said to Lord Mansfield, who visited his studio. "That held the lace ruffles I wore to Court after my return from Rome."

He married a woman who was even more mercenary than himself. They made a pretty pair. The two of them would sit in the dark, long after night had fallen, so that an inch or two of candle might be saved. If there was a knock at the front door, they would never answer until a second knock came. They were afraid of using a candle to answer the door to what might have been a runaway knock.

LIGHTS OUT!

When they had callers in the evening, the candles would be put out immediately the callers had left.

Servants were forbidden to use candles unless absolutely necessary, and were prohibited from carrying them into the

school. The truth of the matter is that she took it along one day for a lark. Resting under her desk, covered with a blanket, it was as quiet as could be until Mary had to go to the head of the class to recite. Then, clatter, clatter, clatter, it followed her up the aisle.

The class rocked with laughter. One of the school kids, by name John Roulstone, wrote a poem on the incident. Not long afterwards the silly sheep was gored to death by a bull.

To-day, picture postcards of Mary are sold all over Massachusetts—Mary at 35, Mary in her old age.

Every year thousands of visitors come to pay homage to the memory of Mary and the Lamb, and Sudbury Village is the focus of their devotion. And yet Mary's real hometown was Sterling, ten miles away!

The truth came out long after the publication of the poem, when researchers tracked Mary down. They found her, a gentle old lady, living with her memories.

"Is there," they asked tremulously, "is there any-

thing left of your lamb to-day?"

"Why, surely," said Mary. "From its fleece my mother made two very nice pairs of

stockings, and I still have them."

"We've a business proposition to make to you," said the visitors.

When the sculptor went for a shave, he took with him one of his wife's hair-curling papers. This he placed on his shoulder for the barber to wipe the razor on. Immediately the barber had finished he would remove the paper, fold it up, and take it home with him—presumably for Mrs. Nollekens to use again.

"Shave close, Hancock," the old miser would say to the barber. "I was obliged to come twice last week because you used so blunt a razor."

After his wife died, Nollekens seems to have become less miserly. He even lighted two candles instead of one in his sitting-room. He drank more wine, and although his meals were just as sparing, he sometimes invited visitors to share them with him. He even gave a pound or two to old models who came to see him, if he thought they needed money.

But he was no less perturbed when a priest came to see him finished up a whole bottle of wine while Nollekens was having an afternoon sleep.

If his visitors had previously dined with the sculptor, they knew better than to accept coffee.

A broad-necked gooseberry bottle, leather bunged, containing coffee which had been purchased and ground for full forty years, was brought out. But it was so dried to the sides of the bottle that it was with difficulty he could scrape together enough for the purpose. And even when it was made, time had so altered its properties that it was impossible to tell what it had originally been.

Nollekens never took any nonsense from the clients who came to him to sit for a bust. He treated them in the same way as he did his paid models. If they didn't like it they could discontinue the sitting, and he would have nothing more to do with them.

The chief drink at these din-

ners was a negus made with red wine and nutmegs. A bowl of it was concocted at the table by the diners. And they always found, if they wanted to make another bowl, that the nutmegs were missing.

NUTMEG CRAWL.

His prank was well known, and one evening, Rossi, the prominent sculptor, suggested that Nollekens should look under the table to see if they had fallen there.

Nollekens even went crawling under the table in a vain attempt to find them, when all the time they were in his waistcoat pocket.

By these tricks the Nollekens family spice-box was kept well filled at no expense whatever.

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But one lady who tried to get out of an order she had given him was taught a lesson. She asked Nollekens to do a monument for her husband, who had just died, and said she did not mind what it cost.

The sculptor made a model before he started work on the actual monument. He had just finished this when the lady called and told him that she had received an offer of marriage and did not think she wanted the monument, after all; a tablet, engraved by a mason, would do just as well, she thought.

"My change for the model," said Nollekens decidedly, "is one hundred guineas." The lady protested that this was an enormous charge, but in the end she paid it "to have done with him."

CHILLY COMFORT.

An artist was making a drawing of one of Nollekens' busts in a room in his house. Nollekens came into the room and said, "Mr. Jackson, I'm afraid you are cold here."

"I am, indeed," the artist replied, looking at the empty grate.

But all the sculptor said was, "Ay, I don't wonder at it. Why, do you know, there has not been a fire in this room for these forty years."

Nollekens had a queer way of spelling words. Here are some of them: "Yousual, scenecible, obligine, services, jenerly, jellis, retier, boath sexis, daly, ould mades, yoummer in his face, lemman, are-bolloon, sammon."

While Mrs. Nollekens, in her lifetime, had been able to buy second-hand clothes for her wardrobe, the sculptor seems to have made do with the same clothes most of his life.

His wardrobe consisted of two shirts, three pairs of stockings, a night cap, two coats, one pair of underclothes, and two waistcoats. His shoes had been patched and re-patched, and were two odd ones—the remainder of his last two pairs, for he wore one shoe more than the other. His table linen consisted of one old table cloth and two napkins.

When he died, in 1823, he left the whole lot, with the addition of his hat, sword and bag, to a friend. They fetched £1 5s. in a sale.

DYING EFFORT.

In his last illness he showed more generosity than he had all his life. To his housekeeper he said, "Is there anyone that I know that wants a little money to do 'em good?"

"Why, yes," replied the woman, "there's Mrs. —."

"Well, in the morning I'll send her ten pounds," replied the old man. And he did it.

IN MEMORIAM.

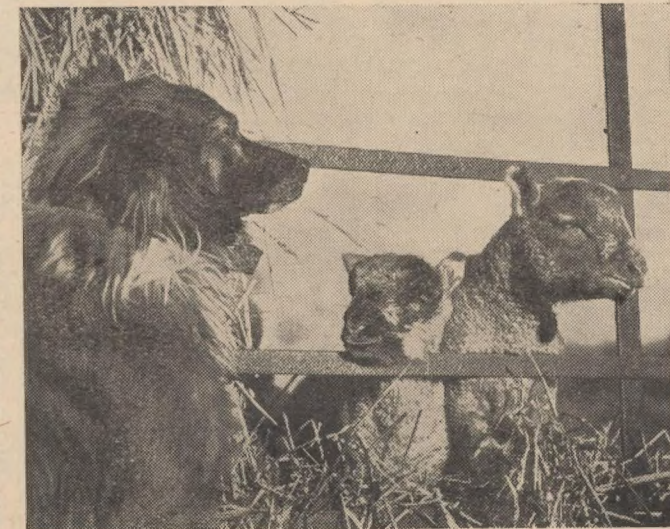
In next to no time the stockings were unravelled, and pieces of the yarn fastened to cards bearing Mary's autograph. They were sold for a few pounds; but to-day each fragment of the lamb's wool is said to be worth £100.

The rates went up when Henry Ford, the motor magnate, became interested in Mary twelve years ago and set his detectives to discover her schoolhouse. They found it had been converted into a garage. So they reverently carried the pieces ten miles and set them up again.

But perhaps the best brain-wave was Farmer Kimble's. Tourists worried him so much to know whether his sheep were descended from the One-and-Only that he determined to trace a descendant. He spent months hunting up old sheep sale records, but it was well worth the trouble.

For his genuine, guaranteed "descendants of Mary's little Lamb" have made him a fortune!

WEBSTER FAWCETT.



THE TALE OF THE BODY-SNATCHER

* * *

By R. L. Stevenson

EVERY night in the year, four of us sat in the small parlour of the "George"—the undertaker, and the landlord, and Fettes, and myself. Sometimes there would be more; but blow high, blow low, come rain or snow or frost, we four would be each planted in his own particular armchair. Fettes was an old drunken Scot, a man of education obviously, and a man of some property, since he lived in idleness. He had come here years ago, while still young, and by a mere con-

tinuance of living had grown to be an adopted townsman.

His place in the parlour at the "George," his absence from church, his old, crapulous disreputable vices, were all things of course. He drank rum—five glasses regularly every evening; and for the greater portion of his nightly visit to the "George," sat, with his glass in his right hand, in a state of melancholy alcoholic saturation.

We called him the Doctor, for he was supposed to have some special knowledge of medicine, and had been known, upon a pinch, to set a fracture or reduce a dislocation; but beyond these slight particulars, we had no knowledge of his character and antecedents.

One dark winter night—it had struck nine some time before the landlord joined us—there was a sick man in the "George," a great neighbouring proprietor suddenly struck down with apoplexy on his way to Parliament; and the great man's still greater London doctor had been telegraphed to his bedside. It was the first time that such a thing had happened here, for the railway was but newly open.

"He's come," said the landlord, after he had filled and lighted his pipe.

"He?" said I. "Who?—not the doctor?"

"Himself," replied our host.

"What is his name?"

"Doctor Macfarlane," said the landlord.

Fettes was far through his third tumbler, stupidly fuddled, now nodding over, now staring mazedly around him; but at the last word he seemed to awaken, and repeated the name "Macfarlane" twice, quietly enough.

the first time, but with sudden emotion at the second.

"Yes," said the landlord, "that's his name, Doctor Wolfe Macfarlane."

Fettes became instantly sober; his eyes awoke, his voice became clear, loud and steady, his language forcible and earnest. We were all startled by the transformation, as if a man had arisen from the dead.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I am afraid I have not been paying much attention to your talk. Who is this Wolfe Macfarlane?" And then, when he had heard the landlord out, "It cannot be, it cannot be," he added, "and yet I would like well to see him face to face."

"Do you know him, Doctor?" asked the undertaker, with a gasp.

"God forbid!" was the reply. "And yet the name is a strange one; it were too much to fancy two. Tell me, landlord, is he old?"

"Well," said the host, "he's not a young man, to be sure, and his hair is white, but he looks younger than you."

"He is older, though; years older. But," with a slap upon the table, "it's the rum you see in my face—rum and sin."

This man, perhaps, may have an easy conscience and a good digestion. Conscience! Hear me speak. You would think I was some good, old, decent Christian, would you not? But no, not I; I never canted. Voltaire might have canted if he'd stood in my shoes; but the brains—with a rattling fillip on his bald head—"the brains were clear and active, and I saw and made no deductions."

"If you know this doctor," I ventured to remark, after a somewhat awful pause, "I

should gather that you do not share the landlord's good opinion."

Fettes paid no regard to me. "Yes," he said, with sudden decision, "I must see him face to face."

There was another pause, and then a door was closed rather sharply on the first floor and a step was heard upon the stair. "That's the doctor," cried the landlord. "Look sharp, and you can catch him."

It was but two steps from the small parlour to the door of the old "George" Inn; the wide oak staircase landed almost in the street; there was room for a Turkey rug and nothing more between the threshold and the last round of the descent; but this little space was every evening brilliantly lit up, not only by the light upon the stair and the great signal-lamp below the sign, but by the warm radiance of the bar-room window. The "George" thus brightly advertised itself to passers-by in the cold street. Fettes walked steadily to the spot, and we, who were hanging behind, beheld the two men meet, as one of them had phrased it, face to face.

Dr. Macfarlane was alert and vigorous. His white hair set off his pale and placid, although energetic, countenance. He was richly dressed in the finest of broadcloth and the whitest of linen, with a great gold watch-chain and studs and spectacles of the same precious metal. He wore a broadfolded tie, white and speckled with lilac, and he carried on his arm a comfortable driving-coat of fur. There was no doubt but he became his years, breathing, as he did, of wealth

and consideration; and it was a surprising contrast to see our parlour sot—bald, dirty, pimpled, and robed in his old camlet cloak—confront him at the bottom of the stairs.

"Macfarlane!" he said somewhat loudly, more like a herald than a friend.

The great doctor pulled up short on the fourth step, as though the familiarity of the address surprised and somewhat shocked his dignity.

"Toddy Macfarlane!" repeated Fettes.

The London man almost staggered. He stared for the swiftest of seconds at the man before him, glanced behind him with a sort of scare, and then in a startled whisper, "Fettes!" he said, "you!"

"Ay," said the other, "me! Did you think I was dead, too? We are not so easy shut of our acquaintance."

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the doctor. "Hush, hush! This meeting is so unexpected—I can see you are unmanned. I hardly knew you, I confess, at first; but I am overjoyed—overjoyed to have this opportunity. For the present it must be how-d'ye-do and good-bye in one, for my cab is waiting, and I must not fail the train; but you shall—let me see—yes—you shall give me your address, and you can count on early news of me. We must do something for you, Fettes. I fear you are out at elbows; but we must see to that for auld lang syne, as once we sang at suppers."

"Money!" cried Fettes, "money from you! The money that I had from you is lying where I cast it in the rain."

Dr. Macfarlane had talked himself into some measure of superiority and confidence, but the uncommon energy of his refusal cast him back into his first confusion.

A horrible, ugly look came and went across his almost venerable countenance. "My dear fellow," he said, "be it as you please; my last thought is to offend you. I would intrude on none. I will leave you my address, however—"

"I do not wish it—I do not wish to know the roof that shelters you," interrupted the other. "I heard your name; I feared it might be you; I wished to know if, after all, there were a God. I know now that there is none. Begone!"

He still stood in the middle of the rug, between the stair and doorway; and the great London physician, in order to escape, would be forced to step to one side. It was plain that he hesitated before the thought of this humiliation. White as he was, there was a dangerous glitter in his spectacles; but while he still paused uncertain, he became aware that the driver of his cab was peering in from the street at this unusual scene, and caught a glimpse at the same time of our little body from the parlour, huddled by the corner of the bar.

The presence of so many witnesses decided him at once to flee. He crouched together, brushing on the wainscot, and made a dart like a serpent, striking for the door. But his tribulation was not yet entirely at an end, for even as he was passing Fettes clutched him by the arm and these words came in a whisper, and yet painfully distinct, "Have you seen it again?"

The great, rich, London doctor cried out aloud with a sharp, throttling cry; he dashed his questioner across the open space, and, with his hands over his head, fled out of the door like a detected thief. Before it had occurred to one of us to make a movement the cab was already rattling toward the station.

(To be continued)

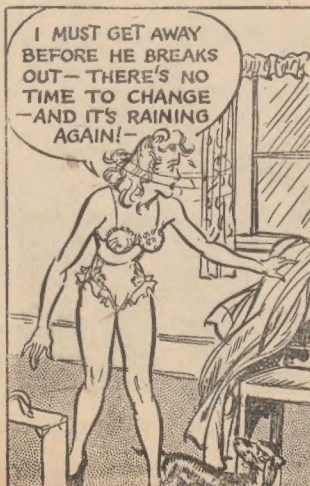
QUIZ for today

1. A troika is an Italian dance, Spanish folk song, Russian vehicle, Polish game, Moorish drink?
2. Who wrote (a) The Tinted Venus, (b) Venus and Adonis?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Clacton, Harwich, Bournemouth, Torquay, Oxford, Deal.
4. For what names do the initials or S. P. B. Mais stand?
5. Who said, "A man's a man for a' that"?
6. What is the tonnage of the "Normandie"?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Monogamous, Intimate, Inevitable, Monstrance, Nostalgia.
8. What is the length of the Manchester Ship Canal?
9. Indium is a river in India, a kind of eraser, a rare metal, a dried food?
10. Which ranks higher, the George Medal or the George Cross?
11. Charles I was executed in 1639, 1649, 1659, 1669?
12. Complete the pairs, (a) Cabbages and —, (b) Guns and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 186

1. Tool-marks on metal.
2. (a) Hall Caine, (b) John Buchan.
3. Paderewski is a pianist; the others are conductors.
4. Alfred Edward Woodley.
5. Shakespeare, in "Twelfth Night."
6. 80,773 tons.
7. Statuesque, Psychology.
8. 220 miles.
9. Character in Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend."
10. Three.
11. 29th September.
12. (a) Breakfast, (b) Carrots.

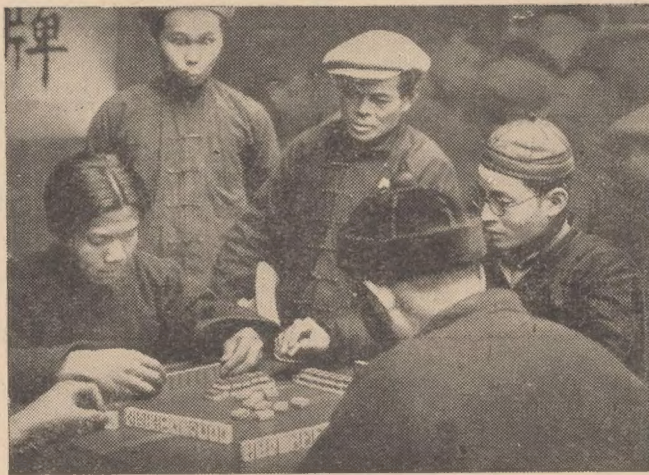
JANE



THE ROVING CAMERAMAN

Here they are at it, in the age-old game of Ma Jong, right in the middle of a street in Pekin, war or no war. If there is no room in the streets, then the game goes on indoors. There is a saying that three-quarters of the life of the average Chinese citizen is spent at Ma Jong, and if the average citizen gets broke he still stands around to watch others getting broke, too. What is a war more or less, anyway, compared to Ma Jong?

CHINAMEN WILL GAMBLE



WANGLING WORDS—142

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RE, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of GET RAW BIRD, to make a West Country town.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BEAR into WOLF, WAR into CRY, FAIR into FINE, CATS into PURR.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from INDIFFERENCE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 141

- 1.—TEMPLATE.
- 2.—CAMBRIDGE.
- 3.—ALE, ALL, AIL, AID, LID, LIT, BIT, BAT, BAR, ROUGE, ROUGH, SOUGH, SOUTH, SOOTH, BOOTH, BOOTS, BOATS, BRATS, BRASS, CRASS, CRESS, CREST, CHEST, CHEAT, CHEAP, CHEEP, CHEEK, WORK, PORK, PORT, POST, LOST, LEST, REST, FLAT, FLIT, FLIP, FLOP, SLOP, SLOT, SPOT, SPIT, SPIN.
- 4.—Gait, Magi, Gain, Main, Toga, Goat, Atom, Moat, Gnat, Tang, Mint, Aint, Tong, Anon, etc.

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 186: A Pride.

I only ask to be free. The butterflies are free. Mankind will surely not deny to Harold Skimpole what it concedes to the butterflies! Charles Dickens's "Bleak House."

CROSSWORD CORNER

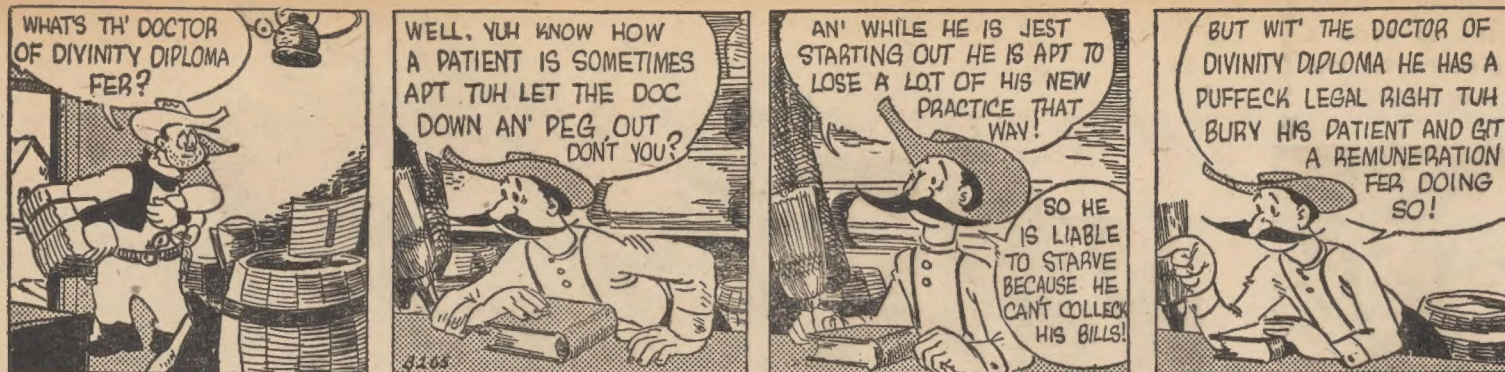
CLUES ACROSS.									1 Substance.	5 Formed.	10 Old-fashioned.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			11 Cutting implement.
10											12 Metal.
11											13 Dense collections.
12											15 Imposing display.
13											17 Groove.
14											18 Light cases.
15											20 Apron-top.
16											22 Nevertheless.
17											23 Guffawing.
18											26 Entangle.
19											27 Sea-shore expanse.
20											30 Rodent.
21											33 Heap.
22											34 Old measure.
23											35 One proposed for office.
24											36 Sort of hammer.
25											37 Writer's rest.
26											
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CLUES DOWN.

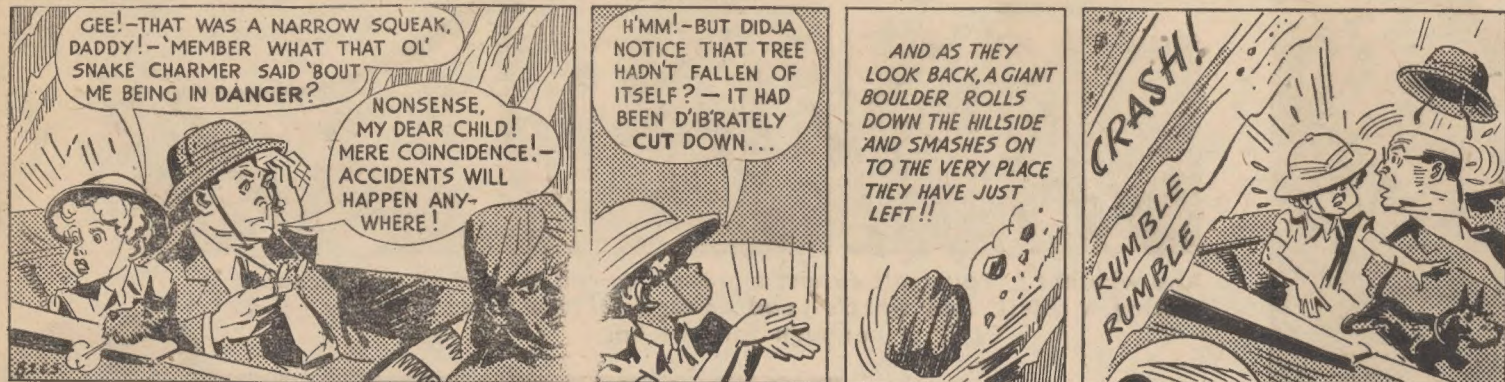
- 1 Festive occasion.
- 2 Sloth.
- 3 Asterisk.
- 4 Of sea movements.
- 5 Total.
- 6 Address to sailors.
- 7 Baked food.
- 8 Devonshire river.
- 9 Stop.
- 14 Abbreviated girl.
- 16 Nautical pastime.
- 19 Sharp rocks.
- 20 Utters loudly.
- 21 Beadle.
- 24 Prattle.
- 25 Speedy.
- 28 Number.
- 29 Search for.
- 31 Entirely.
- 32 Golf-club tip.

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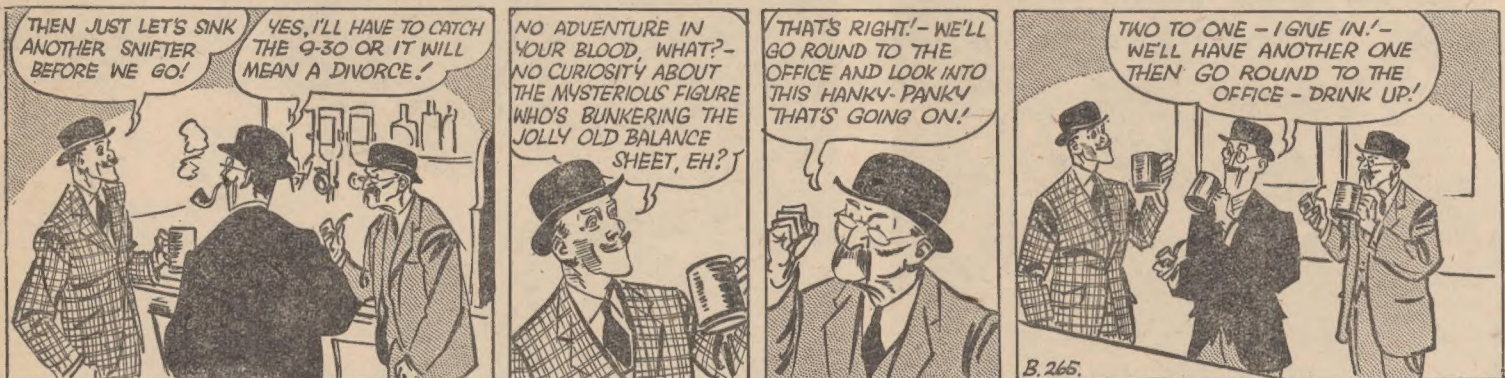
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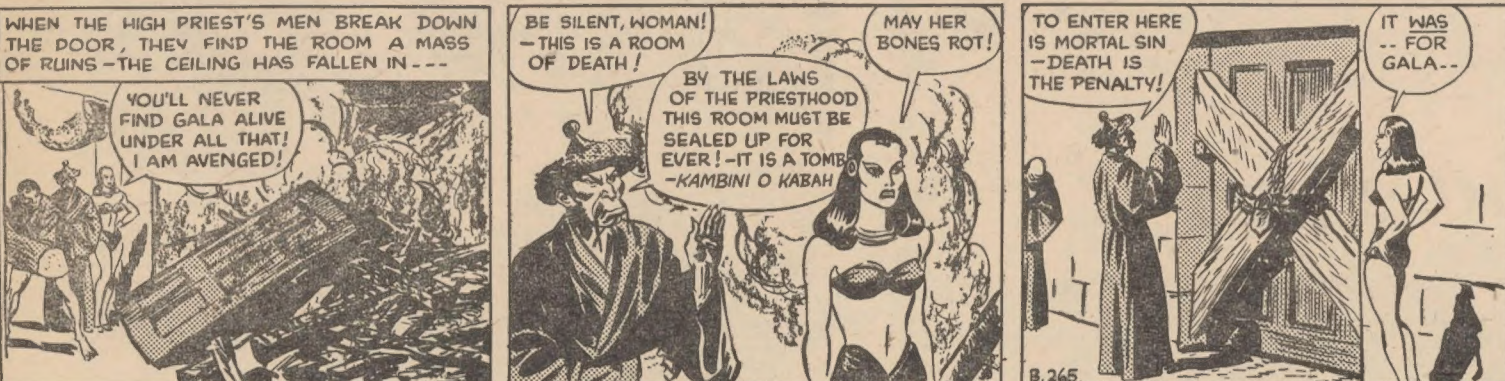
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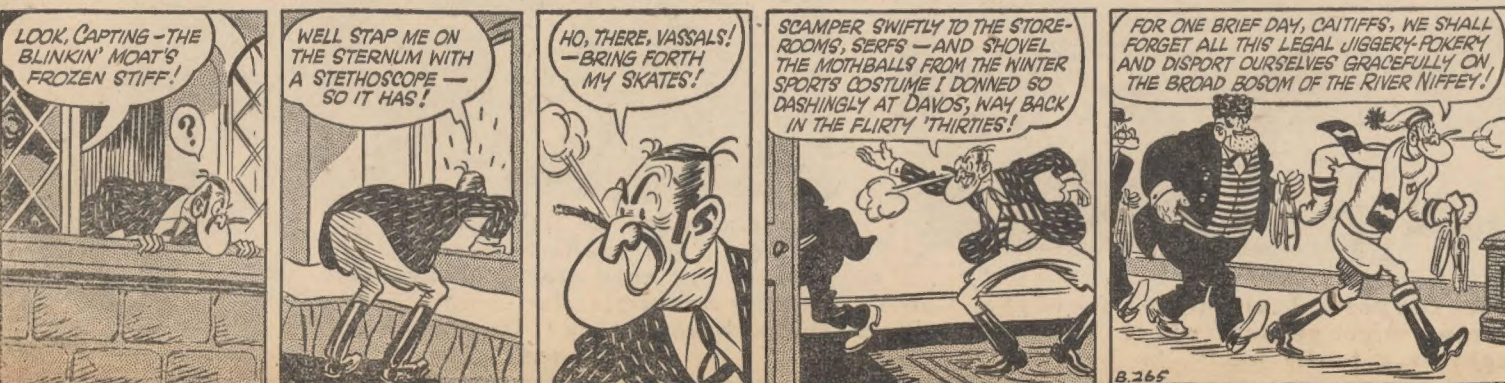
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

THE RADIO PUBLIC.

THE radio public, besides being the largest, is also, take it for all in all, the most unintelligent public in the world. It has a way of swallowing what it gets without thinking twice about it.

Herbert Farjeon
(Author and Dramatist).

AN UNROMANTIC WORLD.

THE modern world suffers from an absence of mystery; everything is explained, everything discovered, with the result that no opportunity is left in our hearts for awe, no room for reverence. Never, in fact, was the world so unromantic. What is the use of faring "over the hills and far away" only to find a Woolworth's store on the other side; or of opening "magic casements" on the "foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn," when they are only the portholes of the cabin in which you are taking your holiday pleasure cruise?

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

BIGGER FAMILIES.

A SOLUTION of the population question can only be achieved when the normal family consists of three or four children instead of being restricted to two, as is the practice in so large a section of the community to-day. The excess over two is necessary to counterbalance those who do not live to maturity, who never marry, and couples who are childless.

L. J. Cadbury.

MONEY PLANS.

THERE is no magical money plan which is going to solve all the world's difficulties. International money schemes are only a lubricant to ease the wheels of trade between nations. They can never be the driving force. What must come before any international currency scheme is the realisation by all nations that trade can only be healthy if it benefits both sides; that if you want to sell goods you must be ready to take goods in return; that prosperity is indivisible.

Sir George Schuster
(Banker and Economist).

BACKWARD AREAS.

THE main reason why colonies are colonies (leaving out the purely strategic colonial bases) is that they are areas of economic, social and political backwardness. The white man is at last coming to realise that neither spoliation of these backward areas (as in the slave trade or the Congo rubber scandals) nor exploitation (as in the use of forced or cheap unskilled native labour) really pays. Even from the purely selfish material angle, the best policy is one of developing the colonies until they can play their part efficiently in the modern world.

Dr. Julian Huxley.

PRESS AND DEMOCRACY.

TIME after time one or other of our newspapers—and sometimes several together—have been in advance of our Governments in urging progress ranging from social reforms to the development of air power. . . . A free Press is the cornerstone of democracy. Under nothing but a democracy can it flourish, or, indeed, exist. Without it no democracy will be truly healthy and vigorous. The responsibilities lying on our newspapers to-day are heavy indeed.

J. L. Hodson (Novelist).

THE PROVINCIAL LONDONER.

THERE is nobody on earth more "provincial" than the Londoner in thinking that the world is bounded by his own local habits and experiences. The Londoner, and to a slightly less extent the inhabitant of the million-city, had a quite unjustifiable conceit of his city and its culture. A Londoner considers the rest of England "provincial," by which he means that it doesn't know what is what, isn't in touch with the latest things, speaks in a funny dialect instead of intelligent cockney, and hasn't seen this week an American film he saw last week.

F. J. Osborn (Town and Country Planning Association).

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"Don't be shy, child; I know I'm not your mother, but I do want to send a convincing picture to the old boy, way back."

"DRAUGHT" HORSE!



And why not? You can't expect a piebald to run around all day without getting a thirst, and what's good enough for the boss, is surely good enough for the hoss.



This England

To those who know the Cotswolds this delightful view of Stow-on-the-Wold will recall pleasant memories.



"Now just a moment, I'm not so sure about the pose. I can only see one of you. Come off your perch, Bertha, and join Hilda, then we might get somewhere. You must realise this Press photography is a tricky job."



Introducing Josette Daly, glamour girl of New York swank night club, The Stork. But then storks always have been responsible for some pretty things, haven't they? Or are we old-fashioned?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Now tell me there's no Father Christmas."

